

State Normal Magazine

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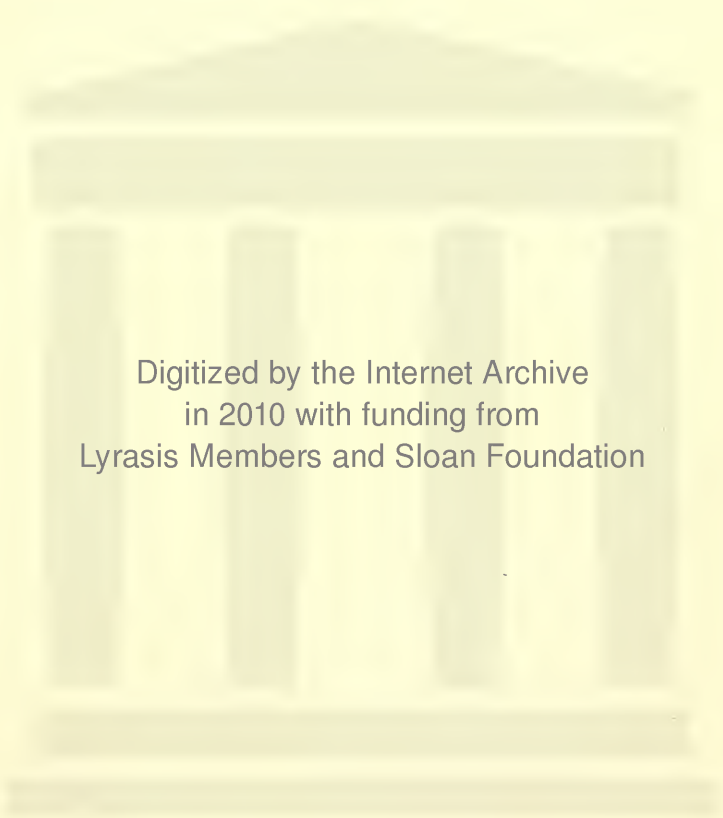
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To all lovers of the lavender and white of
the Class of 1908 we would lovingly dedicate
this issue of the State Normal Magazine.

The Editors.



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CLASS OF 1908



'08 BASKET-BALL TEAM



State Normal Magazine

Commencement of 1908

The commencement of 1908 began Saturday evening, May 23rd, with meetings of the Adelpian and Cornelian Literary Societies. After short business sessions the societies entertained their guests, the Adelpians presenting a cantata entitled, "A Quarrel Among the Flowers", The Cornelians a comedy in three acts, entitled, "The Girls of 1776."

Sunday morning, May 24th, the commencement sermon was preached by Rev. John E. White, D. D., of Atlanta, Ga. Dr. White is a native of North Carolina, and before taking up his work in Georgia served as pastor of churches in this State, and also as Secretary of one of the Mission Boards. His sermon is as follows:

Sermon by Dr. John E. White

(Stenographic Report by Flossie and Clara Byrd)

Your attention on this occasion is called to the text in the 29th verse of the eighth chapter of the Gospel according to John, "I do always those things that please him."

The common ground of civilization is the passion for success. Every man of normal mind and every woman wants to succeed in life. It is not an acquired impulse or desire, but comes with our breath—aspiration for the fulfillment of the powers of life. Men feel that they ought to succeed, that they ought to be happy, that there is an eternal *must* that binds them with its imperative and intends that they should be happy and successful in this world. There is no grief so pathetic as the grief that comes to the life which realizes that it has failed of this high behest. There is no despair so deep as the despair of the man or the woman who looks back upon

life and realizes that shipwreck has been made of its opportunities. All men also feel that the world owes them success, and there is a passionate resentment against untoward circumstances, against hardships which stay the feet as they press toward the mark; and if we could look down beneath the murmurs of society and could appreciate the fundamental reasons underlying the great discontent and unrest that is today the mark of the progress of our times, we would find that it is a deep-seated resentment against conditions which have made happiness impossible or have thwarted the dreams of success.

Moreover, we want to succeed in the highest sense. Little as we may think it, there is a deep moral sense in us all that demands satisfaction. We want to succeed in the way which shall make us immortal; we want to be in harmony with the great eternal forces, and we cherish the desire to succeed in the right way and to succeed in the right thing. Mr. Huxley, just before his death, issued this challenge to Christianity: "I protest," he says, "that if some power outside of me would undertake to always make me think what is right and feel what is right and do what is right, on condition that I should be turned into a sort of clock and wound up every morning, that I should instantly close with the offer." There spoke the passion for moral success. Now, when we begin to study the question of success as it concerns a young man or a young woman, the channels of whose life are not yet deeply cut, and whose career has not been fully determined in its course, we find that there is always about success a reason for success, an organized principle of success, an idea round which success is gathered. When we study the lives of men who have succeeded according to the estimate of history, we immediately discover that those men had some organizing principle, some organizing idea, at the centre of their pursuit and that they were actuated by a consistent devotion to that idea, or principle. Not always have these ideas or principles been ideal or altruistic, but they have at least had power. Napoleon Bonaparte had for his ideal, the love of power; George Washington had for his ideal, patriotism; Moses had for his ideal, law; Buddha had for his ideal,

renunciation; Confucius had for his ideal, morality. When that remarkable young girl, Maria Bashkirtseff, the Russian writer, sat in a theater in New York at midnight on the last night of the year, she held her watch in her hand and counted the moments and seconds before the bells would tell of the birth of a New Year, and as she held her watch and the stroke sounded, she said, "I now speak out my one great passion, '*Fame! fame!*'" It was the idea that dominated her career. Lord Byron, walking across the little bridge in Tuscany, glanced over his left shoulder and saw the new-born moon and instantly he said, "My heart's desire and my heart's devotion rushed to my life in one intoxicating word, '*Pleasure! pleasure!*'" It was the passion of his life.

Now, my friends, when we begin to study success and desire to do well, we must take into account the most successful life that was ever lived in this world, and that life was the life of the Lord Jesus Christ. However men may differ about the being of Christ, no man can afford to neglect Him. George Macdonald said, "I have learned in my long life that the one business of life is to study and to understand the Lord Jesus Christ." Whatever you may have in opinion concerning controverted points about the life of Jesus Christ, you must admit that He was a success. He solved those personal problems of living which are the despair of so many people. His life was lived with no suggestion of failure. It was evenly lived. He turned neither to the right nor to the left. He was happy—strange as it may appear—He was supremely happy, and He had always the consciousness of success. No doubt ever crossed His mind. There was never one moment, with one possible exception, that He did not feel absolutely that He was in harmony with the infinite powers, and when He did not feel that the issue of life was absolutely certain. What was the secret of the life of Christ? What was its organizing idea? In what way, looking at it from a human standpoint, may we explain Him and His marvellous career? It seems to me that we have the explanation in the text. He is speaking here to the people. He is speaking to them very intimately, and He says to them, "My Father never leaves me alone." And then He tells why it is that

He has always the conscious presence of the Eternal power, for He says, "I do always those things that please Him."

So the principle around which the life of Christ was gathered was the will of God consciously performed. It is written of Him: "Lo, I come to do Thy will, O Lord." He said, "It is my meat and my drink to do the will of Him that sent me." He proclaimed that He had but one great passion, and that was to finish the work that God had given Him to do, and His last great cry of triumph on the cross was, "It is finished."

This, then, is the principle of success in life that I bring to you this morning, and I shall seek to impress you with its practical value. It is that every man and woman shall find out God's will for his or her life and then try to do it. I am convinced, deeply convinced, that the failures, the account of which sometimes makes life seem one great sorrow, are due to the failure to study God's will concerning life. You remember in Robert Faulkner how the hero goes in his doubt, with his misgivings, with his perplexities, all confused by the controversies of men concerning what is the Bible and what is Christianity—he goes to the woods and for three weeks he devotes himself to the study of the New Testament, and when he comes back it is with a smile on his face, and he announces that he has found out what Christianity is, and he puts his conclusions into four great axiomatic statements. First, it is the business of every man to do the will of God in this world; second, God takes on Himself the care of the man; third, therefore a man should not be afraid of anything; fourth, and so be left free to love God with all his heart and his neighbor as himself. This is the principle of success in life. It is a principle that can be applied in many directions, and from almost every avenue of activity come illustrations of its truth. What is a good farmer? A good farmer, after all, is the man who knows God's mind on the subject of agriculture. He knows God's law about soils, about climates, and about seeds; and if our modern teaching of intelligent agriculture means anything, it means an effort to find out what are the eternal principles of the Creator concerning the growth of plants. What constitutes a good sailor? Why, a

man who knows the laws governing the tides and the winds and the laws governing navigation. At Yale College, Professor Henry, the great inventive chemist, on one occasion gathered his students before him, when he was about to make a great experiment, and as he held the test tube up before them he paused seriously and said, "Now, young gentlemen, be quiet, for I am about to ask God a question." When John Kepler had tried sixteen times to discover the law of planetary motion and had tried theory after theory and had failed, he came at length to make one last effort, and he put the key of his final theory into the lock and the heavens flew open, revealing the marvellous mystery of the law of planetary motion, and as it dawned upon him, he lifted up his eyes and cried, "O God, I am thinking thy thoughts after Thee." When Cecil Rhodes, the great Africander, was a student at Oxford, England, he had a great desire to succeed. He wanted to make the most of his life. The seeds of disease had developed in his body. He left his loved England and went to South Africa for his health, and there in that dreary waste he had time to think. He says, "I wanted to count for as much as possible in the world. How could I count for anything in South Africa?" So for months he was constantly thinking of his life and what he should make of it, until at length one day it was borne in upon him that if he could find out which way God was going in South Africa and get in that movement that he would be sure to succeed. Thus he began to study conditions, the signs of the times, and finally it was impressed upon him, beyond any controversy in his own mind, that it was the will and purpose and providence of Almighty God that South Africa should be dominated by the Anglo-Saxon. His ambition was formed, and he raised one flag—to paint South Africa British red from Cape Town to Cairo, and he devoted his life to it. I am not defending him in all that he did. He was called selfish. He was regarded by many as a tyrant. He made war to carry out his designs. He accumulated an immense fortune in his career, and when he died history was disposed to criticize. And yet when they opened the man's will they found that he had at least been unselfish in his devotion to his ideal, for, instead of using the

accumulation of ten million dollars in any personal way, he left it every cent to be devoted to the great dream that had consumed him—the dream of Anglo-Saxon unity and Anglo-Saxon supremacy throughout the world. And today there are two men from the State of North Carolina and two men from every State in the Union who are receiving fifteen hundred dollars a year at Oxford, England, out of Cecil Rhodes' will, for the purpose of cementing the bonds of Anglo-Saxon unity and for the purpose of cultivating the passion for world-wide Anglo-Saxon supremacy. He found out the will of God and sought to do it.

What power, my friends, is wrapped up in this simple phrase, will of God! Is there any figure of speech by which one could obtain some adequate conception of the infinite reach and extent of the energies that are held in leash in that one little word, the will of God! Conceive that representative of greatest momentum, conceive the great Corliss engine and its mighty wheels sweeping over, as you saw at the World's Fair at St. Louis or at Chicago. You stand and feel the breath of that mighty monster in your face as with its tremendous revolutions it sweeps around and around, silently, tremendously, and it is to you a symbol of unspeakable power. And yet just to mention the will of God over against it is to show how utterly impossible it is to illustrate the power of the will of God. Or carry your estimate to something still more tremendous—the great ocean steamship, the impact of which in the high seas is as a great Pullman train of ten cars running eighty miles an hour, as it moves through the waters, dividing the ocean asunder. And yet as you behold its power and say over to yourself the simple words, the will of God, you are impressed with the immense distance that separates this tiny symbol of power from that infinite truth. Or look at the avalanche, as it moves down the mountain side, sweeping villages and cities before it, and crumpling them up in the valley. Or conceive of the great glacier, that slowly but surely grinds its way over an extent of country twenty miles in width. Or conceive, if you will, of the awful power of an earthquake like that which shook San Francisco, that holds this planet in its hand and shakes it till it trembles. And

yet, my friends, from all such symbols of power you go back to look into the face of Almighty God and to repeat the simple words, the will of God, to realize that there is an infinite impossibility in all human speech to represent truly the power that is wrapped up, the energies that are involved, in the will of God. Can anything be more foolish than for a man, such as you are and such as I am, to undertake in this little life of ours hostility to that will? In all possible folly is there anything so superlative as for a man to set his little will in contradiction to the eternal will of the God who made him and of the God who judges him?

After the death of the Emperor, William the First, the crown naturally descended to his son, the eldest born, Frederick William. But the rumors began to go about Berlin that he had an incurable disease, and it had been written in the Constitution of the German Empire that no man could inherit the German throne who was afflicted with an incurable disease. And the rumor persisted, and yet the preparations for the coronation went on apace. But the rumor persisted until the air was rife and the people were talking it upon the street corners. And then Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, called in the court physician and said to him, "What is this I hear about Frederick William's sickness?" "Sire," said the physician, "Frederick William has cancer." And Bismarck frowned and said, "Impossible!" "But, sire, it is true, nevertheless." Looking at him with eyes of steel, the Iron Chancellor said, "Doctor, you hear, it is *impossible!* Frederick William cannot have cancer. He must be the German Emperor." "But, sire, I cannot help that. He has cancer." As if to oppress him with his stare, Bismarck said, "Do you hear, Doctor, Bismarck says 'Frederick William cannot have cancer.' Do you understand?" And the doctor bowed and said, "I will make out the certificate as you desire." And the next day there appeared a bulletin, signed by the court physician, declaring that Frederick William did not have cancer and that he was only slightly ill. And the crowning went on. The will of one man prevailed. The will of one man dominated. The will of one man controlled, and Frederick William did not have cancer and was crowned King of Germany

because Bismarck said so. But just the same in sixteen short months Frederick William died of cancer. The will of a man might withstand the German Constitution, but there was no power in the will of man to withstand the law of the will of God, and there is no folly possible for a human being like that which is indicated in the resistance to the will of God.

And then, if this is true, who can estimate the power that may be generated in one single life, the influences that may be controlled by one single life, the results which may be accomplished by one single life that puts itself in the way and in the course with the will of God. The human being, measured as we measure him, is an admirable thing. He has certain powers which he has inherited—gifts which have come down to him from his ancestry, opportunities which are a part of his environment, and man is a noble animal. But the noblest thing about man, that which lifts him far above all other creation, is not that which you see of his inherent power, or energy, but the noblest and sublimest fact about every human life is that it can be articulated to the will of God. It may be brought into intimacy and into fellowship with the eternal powers, it can, so to speak, be harnessed up with the Creator of the Universe, it can march with the infinite Commander of the world, and the supreme opportunity of every human being in this world is to get right with God and get in line with God and work with God; for God's power is pledged to the life that is harnessed with Him. See the little boy, half-taught, the son of a miner in Wales,—he would never be invited to a pulpit in London! But God took that slight lad—and I was in Wales while it was going on and saw that little boy, Evans Roberts, the son of a miner, holding the hearts of a great principality in his hand and stirring the pulse of the world as it had not been stirred since the days of John Wesley. What God can do with a poor, common, insignificant being is beyond speech to tell.

There is a very mistaken impression concerning the proper attitude toward the will of God. We have an idea that the will of God is something to be dreaded, that it is to be yielded to only because we must. The teaching of the New Testament is that the will of God is something to be sought, that it

is something to be elected, that it is something to be chosen. Men will begin to understand better how to deal with the world in which they live, they will be more masters of the forces that they use, they will be more successful in achievements, when they realize that in any business or in any undertaking they should first find out what is the will of Almighty God behind it. The will of God is the happiest, the gladdest, the most beautiful thing in the world. Whatever the providence which may seem sad and sorrowful for a season, that life which is surrendered to the will of God discovers that it was a way of gladness and a way that led to larger things, and it was a way of triumph after all. There is no sorrow that may not be illuminated by surrender to the will of God. Therefore, the supreme message which comes from this text is not merely its practical application to life, but it is its individual application to the life of every person.

How may we know the will of God? How may we find out what God's plan for our life is? How may we find our place in the world? Well, I want to say to you very earnestly this morning that first of all you must get in the right attitude toward God. There is no beginning of success that shall be true success until, first of all, you have assumed the right attitude toward the will of God. In other words, that great word, reconciliation, which you find in the New Testament and which expresses the essential truth of the gospel—reconciled to God—"Be ye reconciled to God"—is the one way of saying that if you want to make the most of your life, if you want to get out of yourselves all that is possible, if you want to be in league with the greatest powers, if you want to have at command the most tremendous forces, if you want to be a part of the great moving providence of Almighty God, you must first be reconciled to His will. It must be His way, and not your way. There must be a surrender, and I like very often in preaching to put it just this way—that Jesus Christ has come into this world for one great purpose and that is to teach us how to succeed, to teach us how to be the most that we can be, to teach us how we may begin to be in tune with the infinite, and to bring us that peace which passeth understanding, which is realized only by

the man or the woman who feels the universe revolving harmoniously and is at peace with life. "Be ye reconciled to God." The evangelist will cry out to you, "Get right with God." What does he mean? He means just what Christ means. He means that you must get your mind, your heart, your soul, your life to that place where you recognize that the true end of life is to fulfill His will. It is to bring yourself to the point at which you are willing to confess that God's will is the true order of your existence and that your life cannot succeed unless you learn God's will and obey it. In other words, there is but one way to make the ascent of life, and that is by beginning at the bottom. There is but one way to succeed and that is by failing. There is but one way of living and that is by dying.

I went out one morning on the hillside and I found there an ugly, forbidding, unsightly blot on the landscape, just a huge bit of black rock. One would want it removed from the range of vision, but that rock had its own character. It had certain beauties of its own, certain qualities of value. It might have insisted upon its individuality as a rock, but one day there came to that rock (and it comes to every rock) the voice of the law of God, the voice of the will of God, borne by the rain, and the frost, and the moisture, and the air, and said to that rock: "If you want to be anything more than you are, you must die to your individuality, yourself, you must surrender." The rock resisted these entreaties, but at length gave in and burst asunder and broke in pieces and was dissolved by the power of the law that had willed it. And then that power, in keeping with the infinite promise, came and transformed that rock into a higher form and sort of life—it became soil.

I saw down by the riverside a great stretch of loamy soil, black, ugly. You shook it from your shoes, you threw it from your clothes. It was not the kind of soil that one would like to live in, and yet it had rights of its own. Even the dirt has rights. It has an individuality of its own. And one day the same law came to this dirt by the riverside and said, "If you want to be anything more than black dirt, if you want to live a higher life and make the most of yourself, you must

die, you must give yourself up." And the dirt surrendered, and that power that you don't understand and that I don't understand came and transmuted that black dirt into a higher form and potency of life.

And I held a little seed in my hand, which had come from the dirt, a very tiny, insignificant thing, and yet it had a life of its own; but there came the same law to the little seed and said, "If you want to be anything more than you are, you must give yourself up and die, if you want to make the most of yourself, you must surrender yourself." "Except a grain of wheat die, it abideth alone." And the little seed cried and broke asunder, and then that power that you don't understand and that I don't understand came and transformed the seed into a harvest. And I stood on the meadow over which the wind and the shadows from the sun behind the clouds made beautiful pictures—a harvest knee-deep in June, and yet the law pursued and came to the meadow and said, "If you want to be anything more than you are, you must give yourself up." And then the law came and transformed the harvest into a higher type of potency of life. It became an ox. Animal life came from the harvest, and the ox stood on the meadow, the master of his situation, and openly defied the approach of man. And yet the law came to the ox and said, "If you want to be anything more than you are, you must give yourself up, if you want to be the most that is possible for you to be, you must surrender your individuality, you must give yourself up to man." And the ox resisted, and yet the law was fulfilled, and that power that you don't understand and that I don't understand came and transformed the ox into a higher form of life, and that ox became a poet's nerve, a statesman's brain—the physical organization that feeds the spirit organization of a great man. And there stands the man, the final in the scale, the height of creation, the glory of all the world! And there he has stood all these ages while God's great supreme law has been working, from rock to soil and from soil to seed and from seed to meadow and from meadow to animal life. Is the law done with him? Is he not also subject to it?

My friends, Jesus Christ came into this world as the voice of the law of regeneration and of redemption, and it has said to every man and to every woman, "If you want to be something more than you are, if you want to make the most of your life, if you want to fulfill what you have to its utmost, if you want to be a supreme success, then you must surrender your life, you must give yourself up, you must bow down at the foot of the cross, you must yield yourself up to God."

A man never has been a man since the day when that sweet voice was heard calling across Galilee, who heard it and who yielded to it. That almighty power that you don't understand and that I don't understand and that none of us can understand has come with its miracle-working energy and has transformed that man from mere animal existence into a spiritual manhood, and he has begun to live because of that transformation.

"So everywhere I see a cross,
Where sons of men yield up their breath,
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death."

Dedication of Bailey Memorial Room

One of the most impressive exercises of the commencement season was the dedication of the Bailey Memorial Room. This handsome room was given to the college and the Young Women's Christian Association by Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bailey, of Mocksville, in memory of their two daughters who died here during the fever epidemic of 1899. At the request of Mr. and Mrs. Bailey the speech of presentation was made by Supt. J. Y. Joyner. After a few words touching his own knowledge of those to whose memory the room is dedicated, Mr. Joyner read the following sketch, prepared by one who knew them intimately and loved them tenderly.

In the name of a loving father and mother, it is my sad pleasure to present this beautiful room to this great institution as a memorial of their only children—two sweet daughters—who in the morning of life died here before they had well begun to live.

Though but a mutilated fraction of all their young lives gave promise of, a brief sketch of the characters and lives of these two sisters to whose memory this room is dedicated seems demanded by this occasion. Because their young feet had as yet trodden only the paths of peace that lead through life's sequestered vale of home and school and their journey ended ere they could know the world or the world know them, ere their inner life could express itself in outer deeds to be seen and understood of men, and yet because, as their teacher of literature, I had caught some broken glimpses of that inner life that suggested its richness and its beauty, I felt that it would not be a violation of the sanctities of such an occasion to ask one who knew them better and loved them more perhaps than any other save their parents to prepare for me this sketch. The sketch was so tender, true, sympathetic, discriminating and withal so beautiful in its simplicity and directness that I felt that I should wrong you and wrong the dead if I changed a word or sought to retell coldly what love had so much better and more truly told.

"Sarah Lemmon Bailey was born in Mocksville, Davie County, August 18th, 1880, entered this college September, 1897, and died here November 29, 1899.

"She was a quiet, 'old-fashioned' girl, gentle and pure in thought, modest and refined in voice and manner. We called her 'The Princess' because of her dignity and the worship accorded her by Evelyn. As a student, she was unusually intelligent, ambitious and thorough. She was particularly fond of the languages and music. Because she wrote well, she was appointed one of the editors of The State Normal Magazine. In the expectation of giving help to her almost idolized father, she was taking a thorough course in stenography. At the time of her death she was a full member of the Junior Class. During her life here, she was conscientious in the performance of every college duty, loyal as a member of the Cornelian Literary Society, and devoted to the work of the Young Women's Christian Association, of which she was a cabinet member.

"Evelyn Buckingham Bailey was born in Mocksville, Davie County, December 22nd, 1881, entered this college September, 1898, and died here December 20th, 1899.

“Keenly sensitive to beauty in any form, shrinking with horror from the coarse or the insincere, passionately affectionate, passionately loyal, wholly unselfish, her memory is to all who really knew her a benediction. She had such strength of will, however, that we often dubbed her ‘Napoleon’. I have never seen such self-control in one of such highly organized temperament, at least, in one so young. But frail in body from infancy, she had been guarded and shielded as girls seldom are. Too timid and sensitive to get out into the world of strong, active people, her short life-history is written in the hearts of her family and a few chosen friends. Her parents could hardly make up their minds to send her away from home to school, but they yielded at last to her own argument, that she must not always be treated like a child and that she needed the same sort of training that other girls were receiving. So, after a brief separation, the first in their lives—Evelyn joined her sister in college. They shared the same room and their happiness in each other and in their busy, quiet life here was idyllic.

“Evelyn was made a member of the Adelpian Literary Society—the second separation. The disappointment of each sister was keen, but after a brief tear-rain, Evelyn bravely said the matter was a part of the necessary life-training she had asked for and that she believed it was better for her to be in a different society. From that hour the little philosopher was a jealous Adelpian.

“Her delicate health and the time devoted to music—she played the piano with rare sympathy and delicacy—made it impossible for her to complete the whole Freshman course in one year, but she was doing her work regularly and thoroughly up to the beginning of her last illness.

“Though interested in all their college work, these sisters loved nothing quite so much as their work in the Young Women’s Christian Association. Their baby lips had been taught to lisp that the whole duty of man is to ‘glorify God and enjoy Him forever’. They joined the Presbyterian Church—Sarah at the early age of twelve and Evelyn at the early age of eleven. They believed with all their hearts in Christ and wished for all their schoolmates the joy of fellow-

ship with Him. Their parents heard so much of their enthusiasm over the Students' Building which was to give a permanent home to the Young Women's Christian Association, and they heard so often of the need of a room for the private meetings of the cabinet, that they quietly resolved to add some practical assistance to their daughters' plans. Suddenly death came. When the stunned parents could think again, they determined to carry out the girls' plans and to give to the Young Women's Christian Association a room which should be, as it were, a Holy of Holies—a room that should be a constant reminder to all who passed or entered it, of Him who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden and ye shall find rest.' The Sarah and Evelyn Bailey Memorial Room is the outcome of this resolve. For all private meetings of the officers and committees of the Y. W. C. A., for a quiet sacred place of reading, thought, or simple rest to tired girls or teachers, this room is always to be used. May it bring to everyone who enters it a message of love and helpfulness! Such is the simple story of the brief lives of these two gentle girls told by one who stood within the inner sanctuary of their hearts."

Mr. Smith accepted the room in behalf of the College:

It is my privilege to acknowledge this most gracious gift and to express, in behalf of our College, the gratitude with which we accept it. We are no strangers to Mr. Bailey's generosity. He has long been our friend and this latest manifestation of his love for the institution constitutes but a link in an unbroken chain of generous giving and generous serving which had its beginnings even with our organization and establishment.

The State Normal and Industrial College has for its immediate aim the elevation of the white womanhood of North Carolina. The agencies in this inspiring work are many, but among them all none has been more potent than the Young Women's Christian Association. Having for its object the prosecution of active christian work in this College and the promotion of the religion of Christ in the lives of its students,

it has from its organization been a power for good in our midst, the uplifting effects of which have been constantly felt in all departments of college life and work. Through its agency there has been a more earnest striving here for the things of most worth—the things that are true, the things that are honest, the things that are just, the things that are pure, the things that are lovely, and the things that are of good report.

Working thus, it is fitting that its members should have a place of assembly distinctly and distinctively their own and dedicated to the work in which they are engaged. It is eminently fitting that this, the most beautiful room of the College, emblematic of two beautiful lives, should be consecrated to our most beautiful work. Hallowed by the memories of those whom it commemorates and rendered sacred by the purposes for which it is set apart, it will become holy ground indeed. Students will here dedicate themselves anew to the service of the Master and serving Him will better qualify themselves to become ministers of good to their fellow students, to the children whom they are to instruct and to the State of North Carolina.

The College rejoices, therefore, in this well chosen form of benefaction, cherishing it as a memorial of two of its students, gratefully accepting it as a visible manifestation of the love of its friend, and recognizing in it an additional means of uplift to the people of North Carolina. In behalf of the College—its Directors, its Faculty, its Students, and its Friends—I tender you our most sincere thanks.

Miss Mary Mitchell, President of the Young Women's Christian Association, accepted the gift in behalf of that organization:

In behalf of the Young Women's Christian Association of our College it is my privilege to accept the gift so graciously bestowed and to render in some small degree an expression of our heartfelt appreciation.

We can but hope that those who enter this spot—made sacred to the memory of those lovely sisters—may learn to

emulate the virtues which so endeared them to all who came within their gentle influence. May we here "lift up the doors of our hearts that the King of Glory may come in" and may we be filled with such thoughts as made most beautiful the lives of those sweet spirits whose brief stay on earth but served to point the way to heaven.

And when we have lived our lives and "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace" may "God within himself make pure" the work which we have done.

Laying of Corner Stone of McIver Memorial Building

On Monday morning the laying of the corner stone of the McIver Memorial Building took place. The exercises were in charge of the Grand Lodge of Masons, presided over by the Grand Master, Hon. S. M. Gattis.

Class Day Exercises

At 5:00 p. m., class day exercises of the Class of 1908 were held in the auditorium of the Students' Building. The hall was tastefully decorated with the class colors, lavender and white, and also with palms, fern and the purple blossomed vetch. Music for this and other commencement exercises was furnished by the College Orchestra and Glee Club, under the direction of Prof. C. J. Brockmann.

To the music of the orchestra the Freshman Class marched into the hall, bearing a chain of ivy and violets, which they placed on the backs of the chairs to be occupied by the graduating class. The Seniors then marched in and took their places on the rostrum.

The exercises were somewhat unique, in that they took the form of a regular class meeting. Miss Bright Ogburn, President of the class, called the class to order, and the officers took their places in the front row. The Secretary, Miss Nell Joyce, then called the roll and read the minutes of the preceding meeting. The class found all business attended to, and the Treasurer, Miss Carrie Powell, reported all bills paid and

the treasury empty. The President then called for the reports of the Historian and Phophet, after which the class adjourned to meet immediately on the lawn near the Library. The members marched out double file and formed '08 on the campus. The class will was then read, a song was sung to the ivy, and the class prayer was rendered by the poet, Miss May Hunter. The class then marched to the entrance of College Avenue, where Miss Ogburn presented to the college a gift of two stone columns. Mr. Foust accepted the gift and the exercises were closed by the singing of the farewell song.

Prophecy of the Class of 1908

GREENSBORO, N. C., August 4th, 1918.

My dear Elizabeth:

I have already heard you say, "How I wish I were there with her!" Yes, I am here attending the "World's Fair". Did we think, just ten years ago, that old Greensboro would ever attain such greatness? It makes me have a mighty important feeling when I think that I once went to school here.

And the college! "It is indeed a thing of beauty and a joy forever". I think its growth has been even greater than its most ambitious friend could have wished for. Additional land has been purchased and there are numerous new buildings. Guilford Hall has been replaced by a brick dormitory, and on the strip of land between College Avenue and Forest Avenue is the largest, handsomest, and most "up-to-date" dormitory in the South. Instead of having one thousand girls, which was, you remember, Mr. Foust's ambition, there are two thousand. With this increase of girls the recitation room has of course been enlarged accordingly, and another large recitation building has been erected. There are other buildings and things that I could tell you of, but that must come another time, because I must hasten on and tell you of the girls of 1908, most of whom I have seen, while here, and those I have not seen I have heard from, so will tell you about them all.

You would not believe me, Elizabeth Hyman, when we were reading away back yonder in the prehistoric ages, "The Lady of the Decoration", and I told you that that was a picture of yourself in the future. And it was, wasn't it? For now you are away over in China, teaching the young ideas of the heathen "Chinee" how to shoot. Don't you dare let your book close in such a disgraceful way as did "Mate's."

About the first person I saw when I got here was Elvira Foust. In spite of her saintly way, I always knew that she was human, and that the eternal feminine was in her. And so you will not be surprised to hear that the "eternal feminine" gained the upper hand and she was married soon after she left college.

Bessie Ives is making teaching her life's work. She came back to the college as assistant in the Science Department. But her talent and ambition did not allow her to remain here long. She has since been made Professor of Science in one of our western universities.

Rena Lassiter has disappointed me. You know how she used to use such awful psychological terms that the poor Freshmen would stare in wonder, and we all thought that Rena would bring fame to our class. But instead she is simply playing the role of Babbie to a little minister in North Carolina. She has not altogether lost her chief characteristic, for I have heard that she rules the congregation with a high hand and often goes into his study and advises him concerning his Sunday's sermon.

Minnie Lee Peedin, although as quiet and serene as ever, has become quite a power in the teacher's world, and is one of the editors of a teacher's journal.

Mattie Williams, a few years after she left college, married the Seceretary of the National Association of Cartoonists. And to lighten his work she keeps up with the deaths of the cartoonists for him.

Ida Byerly seems to be the very happiest of all the girls, because she is living her ideal life—"The Home Life of a Country Girl".

Why need I mention Maggie Barwick? for in what college, at home and abroad, is "Barwick's Text-books on Higher Algebra" not known?

Nettie Brogden, our pedagogical reasoner, has married an orator. And, unlike Rena, she has lost her love for ruling, but is contented so long as her gray-matter is exercised. She, therefore, writes for many of the leading magazines—World's Work, Review of Reviews, and others. And her husband delivers her well and carefully written lectures with great eloquence.

Mary Williams, our basket-ball player, is now the Director of Physical Culture and also the Athletic Coach in the State Normal College.

You may be sure that although Hattie Clement is married, she still has flowers whenever she goes anywhere and also tickets to every attraction.

Some of us have become really famous. Nettie Rudisill and Alice Flintoff have made their reputation in the musical world. Nettie is now on a tour through Europe, playing before the crowned heads. Alice has a studio in Berlin and her compositions are favorites with music lovers everywhere.

Katherine Arnold became a trained nurse, and so gentle and wonderfully administered the herbs and other doctor's stuff as to win the high respect and affection of the physician in the hospital.

Bertie Freeman is here conducting cooking classes and lecturing upon the best methods of preparing food. Her classes are crowded and I heard that Mrs. Rorer had lost favor entirely—Bertie's methods being so much more practical.

Mary Fitzgerald is considered one of America's greatest humorists. She is still an ardent admirer of Mark Twain.

Ethel Brown, with that unquenchable desire for "Moore", has already every degree and title, heard and unheard, attached to her name, but is at present working for something else, I wouldn't dare try to tell you what it is.

Edna Forney is living in her ideal home, in the suburbs of Greensboro. Everything is run on a purely scientific plan, even the management of her husband.

Lula Craven acted as governess to some children in Concord for a year, and she showed so much love and interest

for them that her services could not be dispensed with and she has since become a mother to them.

The Federation of Woman's Clubs met a second time in Greensboro this past week, and who do you suppose is the president? Lucy Jones.

Lemma Gibbs really has "hailed wedded bliss", and is living in Reidsville.

In what cotton mill district in North Carolina is not May Hunter's name known, loved, and honored? She has truly done a great and noble work in that field.

Nell Joyce is teaching Art in the Danbury High School.

Ethel Hodges, our other mathematician, taught Algebra for several years. But one Christmas she went home to spend the holidays and this time she was not disappointed—the expected happened and she was married the following summer.

Frances Wright, our Latin scholar, is the instructor of Latin at Bryn Mawr. And Latin talks are her hobby and the horror of her pupils.

I suppose you knew that Nem Paris, Emma Gill and Delha Austin taught for awhile in North Wilkesboro. But Nem has since taken the first place in the bright light of publicity, for she has become one of Mrs. Nation's most ardent followers. She endures persecution with a grim smile and her tormentors conclude that whether mistaken or not, she is marvellously conscientious.

Delha Austin is taking a very extended tour through the country, lecturing on the Woman Citizen.

And Em Wash has married a very prominent school-master and is making his life one long sweet reality.

The other day I was walking in front of the Educational Building and my attention was attracted by the crowd rushing in the door and I rushed too. Before I could see what was the attraction, I heard some one talking away so fast it almost made my head swim. I can hear you say, "Margaret Redmond!" Of course it was. She has become a speaker of no little note. But, sad to relate, I fear none of her addresses will ever be published, for there isn't a stenographer in the country who can keep up with her.

Betty Leary is the librarian in one of the colleges in the State. Through her influence many circulating libraries have been started in the rural districts.

Lena Glenn, our quiet member, is doing the work most natural to her—teaching in a Deaf and Dumb Asylum.

With Willie White it is no longer “Brother Sam this”, and “Brother Sam that”, but most emphatically, “My husband said”, or “My husband thinks so and so”.

I will not dwell long upon the greatness of Ella Battle, but will say that she is enrolled as the greatest modern American poet. I send you under separate cover a collection of her poems, which has just been published.

I suppose you have heard already that the curiosity of the class was gratified early in the fall of 1908, when each one received an invitation to Mary Agnes Monroe’s wedding. She is now living “West”.

Bright Ogburn, or “Madam President”, taught school for a year in Monroe, and although now married is still a universal favorite with both young and old. She is living on a “Shore”.

I met Etta Powell this morning and had a long talk with her. She made me feel like old times by recalling all of the many jokes on the Naught Eights, for she still possesses that wonderful memory.

Marianna Mann has stopped all such “petty” tricks as flirting and reading Horace and is now an ardent admirer of “David”, and still dotes on “Old-fashioned Buggy-rides”.

Bell Strickland has taken Mme. Mary Hissem de Moss’ place with the Damrosch Orchestra and has made quite a reputation.

Hattie Griffin said that she had enough hard work while she was at the Normal, and has since travelled through all of the continents. She has just returned from Australia.

Dora Snipes intended to teach school, but forgot to apply for a position. She no longer has cause to lament the fact that “the days are gliding swiftly by”.

Carrie Powell is here representing Dab-Del-Cader’s Growth Tonic. She is a living example of what it will do for short people. She is almost as tall as the Hon. B. March.

Ethel Kelly is continuing her education at Vassar.

You remember Martha Petty always had her cart hitched to a star. Well, after she graduated, she went to several northern universities and learned all of the history in them. She then went abroad and studied. But still her thirst for knowledge was not satisfied. She then went over to Egypt to rake up some more history. While she was there, for a little recreation she went to see a ball game. What was her surprise when she found that it was an old Davidson team. She immediately abandoned her search for knowledge and returned with the team.

Eliza Stevens is here too. I hadn't been with her five minutes before she started on that same old subject of her's—"Lillies". She still swears by Hutchison.

And now at last I must tell you about the two black sheep of the class—Frances Lacy and Slocumb Smith. They are both on the stage. Frances' chief stunt is singing "Annie Laurie" and "Abide With Me". Slocumb is her accompanist and also by special request the "Bell" ringer.

Your "humble servant" is the only one on the roll unaccounted for. And she is still at the same old work—living the life of an old maid school marm, in the mountains of North Carolina.

I hear express is awfully high in China, and I fear if this linked sweetness is drawn out much longer you will be a financial wreck.

So, farewell,

BLANCH MARCH HANES.

To Miss Elizabeth Hyman,
Shanghai, China.

The History of the Class of 1908

PREFACE

The aim of the writer has been to chronicle in an authentic narrative the momentous deeds of the Class of 1908. But just here let me say by way of enlightenment that this is the preface to the glorious record. Hence for those who can not know of the latent energy stored up in the Class of 1908, of

the evidences of undeveloped force and power, of the changes that have been wrought in the lives of these members during the last four years, it behooves the author to present incidents representative of what the class has done and prophetic of what it is capable of doing.

With a full realization of the responsibility the writer owes to the Class and each member, in undertaking the task, she acknowledges her utter inability to do full justice to the history, but trusts that the deed may approximate the will.

CHAPTER I.—EARLY HISTORY

For the early history of the Class it is necessary to look back into the schools of North Carolina where five or six years ago the present Seniors of '08 were bashful, timid girls enjoying the heyday of life. Those were days when we thought little of responsibility, but more of the particular arrangement of the ribbon on our hair, of our friends and their brothers. But soon it had been decided that we should go to college. With a secret feeling of reluctance we prepared to say farewell to our homes, to those happy school days with the boys and to enter a new and untried life.

CHAPTER II.—FRESHMAN DAYS

In October of 1904 we were ushered into this little world, where it is needless to say that we presented a variegated appearance. But in some things all were alike; for each was blue and green. Should I have said green? for it was a very promising member of our band who began to seek for information by inquiring if the Spencer was the building that was burned. To tell our first impressions of the Lady Principal, of the beautifully kept lawns, of the kine, but that was not impressible, is beyond the writer's ability. We were not even a class then, just a band about a hundred strong, working for a common goal. The brightest hopes of our fond parents were centered in us and we needs must prove ourselves worthy. Though for weeks we could eat only a very little, yet we survived the entrance examinations wonderfully, and in the course of two months were organized and called the Class of 1908.

Our noble selves! We at once threw off our blue and green, adopted lavender and white and became recognized as the Freshman Class. As to how many composed this class no record remains, or else the historian has been unable to find it. But, nevertheless, we waxed great and strong under the gentle rule of Nemmie Paris, our first president, with our purpose ever before us, for a purpose we surely had, although it was not known at first. For awhile we wished to seek for "Power in Knowledge", or "Strength in Unity", but at last decided to strive on toward the goal with "Iunctae Amicitia" as our motto.

Mid-term came and went and in the spring Francis Lacy became our leader. Under her wise administration there were two events distinguishable above the humdrum of college life, the reception by the Sophomores at a "Martha Washington Tea" and the planting of the class tree. Our little Norway maple was planted at six o'clock one April morning, just one day before the Sophs planted their tree.

Soon Commencement came and the reverend Seniors of '05 asked us to assist in their class day exercises. Although it was a small matter of carrying wands, yet the whole scheme would have been impossible without our assistance.

CHAPTER III.—SOPHOMORE CONCEIT

The fall of 1905 found us again at the college; then we were greatly changed in mind as well as in bearing. No grass hung its head in envy then. Solomon could not have looked more wise. We were masters of the situation, for were we not Sophomores? Martha Petty became our leader now and under her rule we struggled hard with H_2S fumes, circles, triangles, quadrangles, Gallic wars, and even sang and ate in chromatic scales. We progressed rapidly, as we thought, till those mid-term examinations. However, no mid-term reviews proved fatal to many of our worthy band.

In the spring, during the administration of our faithful Blanche Hanes, we entertained the Freshmen on St. Patrick's eve. This was the biggest reception of the kind that the college had ever seen and we felt justly proud of our conceited Sophs.

But about this time a sad event befell us. When all nature had covered her trees with beautiful green she forgot our Norway maple. The maple upon which the class had built its grandest hopes was dead and just over the way that other tree, just one day younger, was swaying its full grown leaves in the wind. Although our tree was no more, yet '08 strength and hopes increased and when in May we returned to our respective homes for the summer it was with a sense of a well spent year and a much needed rest.

CHAPTER IV.—THE JUNIOR YEAR

We were now no longer conceited Sophs and wise masters, but mere humble Juniors, the Freshmen's friend and the advocates of law and order, with the affairs of state weighing heavily upon us. Four of our class were already marshals. Ethel Brown became our president and under her rule we studied "moore" and "moore"; for we fully realized that we must make a double effort if we wished to reach that envied Seniorhood. During this term we entertained the Seniors at a royal banquet in the dining-room.

The last half of our Junior year was particularly marked by our athletic fame. We must have caught the athletic spirit from our president, Mary Williams, for not only did our class furnish the champion tennis players, but also the majority of the players on the college basket-ball team. As for our own class team it is sufficient to say that we could not be eclipsed on the field and at last came out amid resounding cheers victorious with the trophy cup.

Again as Juniors we were asked by the Seniors of '07 to assist in the commencement exercises. We deemed ourselves most honored to be thus permitted to appear at a second commencement and carried the daisy chain with such grace and befitting dignity that when we reached the stage we were applauded as much as if we had been real Seniors.

CHAPTER V.—THE SENIOR PINNACLE

Our Senior year has been the crowning year of the college course. Some of those who were with us at first have become

teachers or home-makers, while others have joined us. We started the year with forty-seven members, all of which are with us now. We were Seniors upon whom the success of the whole college year depended. One false step on our part and we knew that the whole institution would be ruined. But, O Dignity, where was thy august presence! Probably all had conferred the class dignity upon Rena Lassiter, our first Senior president, for it could scarcely be detected in any one else.

In our early Seniorhood we were made acquainted with the trials and pleasures of the Training School, where we found that many if not all of our pedagogical theories and air castles were shattered by the first lessons. To face a grade of watching, mischievous children, to see that supervising teacher noting our terrible mistakes, and to speak correct audible sentences was a task more difficult than we had expected. But now we know that success will come through failure.

This has been the year of privileges, but alas, they have not been what we had dreamed of in our under classmen days. We could not possibly go down town every day, and the privilege of receiving young gentlemen callers has done us but little good, for it seems that the most of our friends forgot to call this year. Only once during the year have we all been able to show our highly developed entertaining talents and that was the occasion of the "Old Maids' Convention". Then it was that the likeliest old maids of the class were most prominent.

The one nightmare of the year has been the writing of essays. In the first place, the supply of subjects has long since been exhausted, but of course we were supposed to select subjects that had not ever been written on more than once a year since prehistoric days. But the trials of one member of our class should have sufficed for all. This particular member went to work most energetically to secure a wide range of information. She at first wrote to a very prominent man for material, but soon received a reply that the man had been

dead for years. Her next attempt was answered by a piece of sheet music. Nothing daunted, she wrote to a publishing house for a magazine article and received an article in old English.

The one thing of which our class has been proud was the North Carolina flag which we presented to the college in January. This is the first time that a flag has floated over our college regularly and we sincerely hope that we may leave the precedent before other classes.

No class in the history of the college has enjoyed as many social festivities as the Class of 1908. But owing to the lack of space they can only be mentioned here, but each Senior will carry in her heart a sweet remembrance of those joyous Senior days when everybody tried to make us so happy.

Halloween night greeted us with our first surprise, when having been told to present ourselves at the Training School for a gentle reminding of our misapplied pedagogic theories, we found instead, ghosts, glimmering pumpkins, apples, peanuts and the best time! This was but a beginning, for soon thereafter Miss Boddie gave us a delightful car-ride.

In February a command came to us from Louis XIV, Duke of Juniordom, to assemble in his palace. But how joyously we obeyed that command and spent one of the happiest evenings of the year in his royal palace feasting in true French style.

Who had guessed that when the University played Virginia at baseball in Greensboro the whole Senior Class should go to the game in a special car of blue and white? Our cheers for Carolina's victory were always succeeded by nine rahs for Matheson.

Surely we were getting the good things of life, for our next treat was an invitation by Mr. Smith to hear Damrosch Orchestra. Each occasion seemed to be more enjoyable and more delightful than the last one, if possible.

The question of keeping white dresses ready to wear was a problem; for it was almost necessary to wear white constantly to be prepared for an entertainment.

Saturday, May 16th, found us at the home of Bertie Free-

man. On May 19th, the Training School faculty again gave us the happiest, merriest evening on a car-ride, which was concluded by ice cream and cake, music and a jolly good time in the beautifully lighted pavilion of Peabody Park.

Our last joyous evening was spent with Edna Forney.

To tell the pleasures and joys of every social event is impossible, but suffice it is to say that the Senior Class of 1908 carries a vivid remembrance of the maddest, merriest days in the rule of our last president, Bright Ogburn.

CONCLUSION

Now, as we are about to part with classmates and Alma Mater, an ill concealed feeling of sadness comes over us. Our common trials have produced in us a sweet sense of union, which has endeared us to each other. Although we have not gained as much from college life as perhaps we might, yet the Class of '08 has done its part. Many things have occurred to cause our hearts to thrill with pride. Only four chapters of our history have been filled, but we may safely trust that the future may fill many remaining blank pages with bright annals of the Class of 1908.

"Class Will"

We, the members of the Senior Class of the North Carolina State Normal and Industrial College, in view of our coming separation and the fact that many and valuable articles have come into our possession, while it is still given to us to act with unclouded faculties, we deem it advisable to make suitable disposition of these acquisitions before we depart from these revered halls. We do therefore declare this to be our last will and testament.

1st. That the executors herein named shall carry out all the provisions of this will.

2nd. To the Junior Class we give and bequeath a small amount of class spirit, a bit of argumentative power, together with one tin trumpet, which last named article we trust shall be of much service.

3rd. We leave to the Sophomore Class a pardonable delight in their own attainments, the desire to supplant long established customs with superior ones, which their wisdom suggests, and also a specimen of their favorite bird.

4th. To the Freshman Class we give and bequeath a guide-book for making and carrying out original schemes, together with one copy of "Helen's Babies".

5th. To the department of English a patent machine for correcting and grading papers, which piece of apparatus will increase the demand for papers and will aid in giving employment to the students.

6th. To the department of Pedagogy and the Training School memories of a most pleasant year spent under their supervision.

7th. To the department of Biology a day of thirty-six hours, twelve of which shall be devoted to laboratory, six to tramps, six to quiz, six to appointments.

8th. To the Glee Club we grant a membership which shall not exceed sixty and shall not be changed oftener than once a month.

9th. To the Stationery Room a satisfactory method of announcing hours and a mechanical contrivance for saying "Red lined?" "Ones or twos?" whenever a customer appears.

10th. To the people of Greensboro a few social hours at the Normal College.

11th. To the student body permission to show affection.

12th. To the faculty we present the hope of obtaining a Senior Class that will be moderate in its demands, an ideal example to the student body and one that realizes its mental deficiency.

13th. We give and bequeath to the State Normal College, which has for four years furnished a practice field for our mental capacities, two stone columns which shall mark the entrance to that said field and shall stand as our memorials before all who shall approach this mental gymnasium.

14th. We appoint as executors the members of the Senior Committee, Miss Boddie and Miss Coit. We admonish them

to carry out the provisions of this will according to its true intents and purposes.

In witness whereof, we do hereby set our hand, this twenty-fifth day of May, 1908.

[Seal]

SENIOR CLASS.

Signed, sealed, and declared to be our last will and testament. Sworn in the absence of the Lord Mayor of Greensboro, in testimony of which we, as reputable witnesses, do subscribe our names hereunto.

(Signed)

LOLA LASLEY,
MARY MITCHELL,
JESSE SMOAK,
OKLA DEES.

Class Prayer

We do not pray, most gracious Lord,
That Thou shouldst give us riches vast,
Nor honor to crown an earthly state,
Nor fame to last through eternal years;
But, Lord, we turn to Thee and ask
Through Him who to the twelve didst say,
"Let not your heart be troubled,"
And, "Neither let it be afraid."
That Thou wilt teach us how to live;
To trust always in Thee;
Watch over and direct our ways
When dark misgivings blind our eyes.
We come to Thee for strength and power
To follow where our duty leads;
And most of all we, Lord, do beg
A loving, understanding heart.
So when at last we come to meet
Around the heavenly throne
May this reward to us be given:
"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

MAY HUNTER.

Representative Essays of Graduating Class

At 8:30 p. m., Monday, the auditorium was again crowded to hear the reading of six representative essays of the graduating class. President Foust introduced the Class President, Miss Ogburn, who after a short speech of welcome to the audience presented the essayists. The essays were those of Miss Hattie Clement, of Granville County, subject, The Educational Value of Travel; Miss Ethel Lee Brown, of Edgecombe County, subject, The Immigrant Woman; Miss Edna Forney, of Guilford County, subject, Science in the Home; Miss Elvira Foust, of Chatham County, subject, The Value of a College Education to Women; Miss Rena Lassiter, of Wake County, subject, A North Carolina Poet; Miss Frances Wright, of Macon County, subject, Education of Woman in Japan. Owing to illness, Miss Wright was unable to read. The Whitsett prize was awarded to Miss Foust.

Value of a College Education to Woman

The ultimate end of education is to make a nobler race, and to make a nobler race it is necessary to make a nobler woman. The welfare of our homes, of society and of the state depends to a great extent upon the women. They create the home; they fix the standards of society and formulate the rules that govern social relations. Upon woman, therefore, rests in large measure the progress of civilization and hence it is vitally important that in preparing for her responsibilities every aid and encouragement be given her. It is the purpose of this paper to show some of the advantages, other than those commonly realized by the world in general, of a college education to women, both in their individual lives and in their relation to others.

The disciplining of a girl's mind is invaluable to her. Facts, she finds after all, are not the principal things to be gained from study, for facts may soon be forgotten. Today she can give in order all the important events in the reign of Elizabeth; she can recite every rule in a given algebra lesson, and she can tell which mood is required by each kind of con-

ditional sentence in Latin. Tomorrow all previous facts are forgotten in the process of learning more. After school life her knowledge gradually lessens and at the utmost it will be slight, but the very training obtained from a college course teaches her to think systematically. She thus increases her power to perceive clearly, to interpret wisely and to discriminate justly. Her study of mathematics teaches her to think accurately and clearly and to draw proper inferences. Her study of languages, besides enriching her mind and giving to it materials for thought, promotes the power of thinking and affords a medium of clear and accurate expression. History gives an appreciation of the elements and forces that constitute the life of a people. In later years the college woman finds that her study of science, of music and of art has opened up to her a world that is refreshing and full of pleasure and comfort:

But the benefits which she derives from an education are by no means confined to her studies. From association with the many classes of girls from various localities, but all bound together by a common intellectual aim, the girl in college learns lessons which mean more to her perhaps than any she gets from text-books. From the poor but ambitious girl, who is her next door neighbor in the dormitory, she learns to regard with proper reverence those whose lives are pure and simple; from the wealthy girl, who sings next to her in the glee club, she learns that wealth cannot hide vulgarity and that it is a mistake to judge people by their family rather than by their own character and attainments. From her daily contact with the many different characters around her—the thoughtless and indifferent and the studious and conscientious, the active and energetic and the quiet and refined—the college woman finds herself becoming more and more sympathetic and public spirited. Her own personality becomes richer and stronger and she thinks less of herself as a centre of things. She acquires, almost unconsciously, some knowledge of various localities through daily association with representatives of those localities. The college woman learns to be wholesomely democratic—a lesson which she, no less than her brother, will find valuable in life.

Another distinctly educative force of a college is the training in self-government that it gives to a girl. It gives her a greater sense of responsibility than she could have felt in the home, where perplexing problems were settled for her, or in the graded or country school, where she was all day under the direct care of the teacher. At college the girl must be responsible for the daily preparation of her lessons, and therefore she learns to employ her time to the best advantage. She thus becomes, in a large measure, self-governing. And along with this she becomes self-reliant.

Since woman's mission is principally in the home, every effort should be exerted in fitting her to become a home-maker. In the home the educated woman has the opportunity for the spending of every treasure and the use of every power. Problems arise daily which the woman has to settle. No discipline is too thorough, no knowledge too profound or too accurate for their solution. Her knowledge of chemistry, of physics, of bacteriology and of the laws of sanitation helps her much in the every-day work of the household; her knowledge of physiology and hygiene teaches her to care properly for the health of her family; her study of psychology makes her a sympathetic and intelligent student of child-life and enables her to deal wisely with the problems that confront every mother. Having herself experienced the pleasure as well as the profit that comes from the acquaintance and the association with the best books, the woman in the home is better enabled to be a "trainer of future citizens". And if the girl has not, while in college, neglected the development of those highest qualities of Christian character, but has so interwoven her moral and secular training that each has become a part of the other, then her home will not be likely to fail in being a place where the highest ideals and the worthiest ambitions prevail. It is to be hoped that the time is not far distant when there will be established in connection with the colleges a model home. Here, while getting lessons from other sources, the student may get impressions of the ideal home that will be to her in after years an inspiration and a guide.

Many college graduates enter professional life and prove to be remarkably successful. They become teachers, preachers,

stenographers, lawyers, physicians, nurses and architects. Thus when thrown entirely on her own resources, the college woman is independent. She has been trained to take up employment other than that she probably would have been compelled to take up had the sacrifice not been made for preparing her for a life work. On the other hand, many girls leave the public schools and, with no training for professional life, enter service which is essentially juvenile. After three or four years these girls are no better fitted for a serious life work than they were when they left school. It would have paid them, therefore, to have prepared themselves well for some work, even at the expense of time and money. Our state institutions present a wide field for the service of the intelligent and educated woman. She may bring about great improvements in the asylums and the poor houses for the relief and comfort of the inmates.

But numerous as may be the advantages and pleasures that a woman derives from a college training, in her individual life, in the home or in professional life, her greatest advantage lies in her increased power of helping those in her community. There her influence may be great. She may be called upon to aid in the work of the church, in philanthropic movements, in social affairs and in popular literary undertakings of the time. Therefore education is of inestimable benefit to a woman in rendering her more capable of assisting intelligently in the work of her community. Her executive and administrative abilities have been developed in the many undertakings of college life, such as those of the christian association, the society and the athletic association. By her knowledge of the fine arts, of music and of architecture she may make our social life more attractive and our homes and public buildings more beautiful. A young woman, after graduating at one of our colleges, spent twelve months in a new western city, inhabited by people whose chief ambition was to make money. Having realized this ambition, they had neglected more important things. Seeing the needs of these people, the girl set to work to help them. During those twelve months she brought about such great changes that today the city is known for its culture and refinement. She

caused a library to be established, beautiful in architectural design and rich in the finest classics of many nations and ages. This library is today used by the young and the old, and it is needless to describe the improvement in the general tone of society in that place—all due to the wise use one educated woman made of her abilities.

Some one has said that the college women are a force second to none in America. Certainly the properly trained and developed woman is worth to her community a hundred-fold more than the undeveloped one. The college woman shows by her countenance and her eager enthusiasm that she feels life to be a grand and a glorious thing and she inspires those with whom she comes in contact. As she looks into the sky at night she sees beyond the stars and she believes that the world is growing better. So, "led on by courage and immortal hope and with the morning in their hearts", the college graduates are entering into life's duties with the determination to contribute to the world's betterment.

A North Carolina Poet

During the past few years there has been in North Carolina what Dr. Henderson, of Chapel Hill, terms a "resurgence of literature". Better work has been done in almost every field of literary achievement than in any previous period in our history. One of the foremost contributors toward this movement was the poet, John Charles McNeill, in whose death the State has sustained a distinct loss. He had won the ear of the people, had gained ready access to the pages of American magazines, and had published a volume of poems which entitled him to be ranked as a writer of genius. The work already done was regarded as the prelude of greater things to come, but this was not to be; the song remained unsung, and the prelude stands alone. The joyous child-heart of McNeill, his humor and magnetism, endeared him to a large circle of intimate friends, and his songs added daily to an ever increasing list of admirers.

This poet of ours is a singer, singing naturally, joyously, and spontaneously as all Scotch poets have done, and McNeill is thoroughly Scotch. Although he does not attempt deep

subjects or lofty utterance, his music is genuine, lyrical, and sincere. In the words of one of his former teachers: "His poems are always brief swallow-flights of song that dip their wings in the mingled shadow and sunshine of everyday life and skim away." Through his verses there sounds an appealing melody which, like some sweet refrain, returns to haunt us again and again. In his nature songs and love lyrics, as well as in his inimitable dialect pieces, the musical quality is preëminent, and it is as the singer that McNeill will perhaps be longest remembered.

In form, his verses are above reproach: one may seek in vain for metrical faults, bad figures, or unlovely thoughts. In this respect he differs from many greater poets who often spent years in acquiring their sweetness and polish. McNeill found no difficulty in gaining an audience, and his workmanship has been pronounced flawless.

As a poet of common life he was perhaps without an equal in the South. One of his friends aptly says, "He was the spokesman for the silent rhymes of rough lives and soft hearts." In his own words—

"The little loves and sorrows are my song:
The leafy lanes and birthsteads of my sires,
Where memory broods by winter's evening fires
O'er oft-told joys and ghosts of ancient wrongs,
The little cares and carols that belong
To home-hearts, and old rustic lutes and lyres,
And spreading acres, where calm-eyed desires
Wake with the dawn, unfevered, fair and strong,
If words of mine might lull the bairn to sleep,
And tell the meaning in a mother's eyes:
Might counsel love, and teach their eyes to weep
Who o'er their dead question unanswering skies,
More worth than legions in the dust of strife,
Time looking back at last should count my life."

He knew the field, the farm, the home, and portrayed them with a homely realism as pleasing as it is true, as musical as it is characteristic. To one who knows the rural South could words present a truer picture of the familiar scene than the little poem, "Before Bedtime", where

"The cat sleeps in the chimney jam
With ashes in her fur,
And Tige from on the yether side,
He keeps his eye on her?"

In his portrayal of child life McNeill is no less true and sympathetic. Where shall we find a better presentation of the little sorrows of childhood than the small boy's tearful complaint in "Holding off the Calf"? All the resentment against fate and the hard things of life, all the childish rebellion that the world soon proves to be useless, find pent up expression in those few stanzas. As a companion piece consider "Ambition", in which the little bow-legged fellow who was ridiculed and refused a kiss, takes his revenge by becoming a "mighty turble man" of the future. The baby as well as the small boy comes in for his share of attention, and is treated with the same sympathetic appreciation.

The keenness of observation and the simplicity and truth that characterize all his works are especially noticeable in his nature poems, which show nothing of the scientific or materialistic, but reveal the warm, sympathetic heart of a true nature lover. "Down on the Lumbee River" where the "Sunburnt Boys" fished, swam, and rowed; in the woods of the old Spring Hill district, McNeill learned many secrets.

Professor Graham, of the University of North Carolina, says of him: "I never saw him without thinking of Walt Whitman's poem about the student in astronomy who fled from the lecturer out into the night, there to lie down and look up at the stars in worshipful wonder and adoration." And yet, nothing escapes him, from the habits of the homely doodle-bug to the "dying sunset", dim with the tears of years. His felicity of expression as well as his sureness of eye and ear are happily illustrated in such passages as:

"an old gray stone
That humps its back up through the mold."

"Distant pastures and the bleat
Of hungry lambs at break of day."

And

"Hills wrapped in gray, standing along the west;
Clouds dimly lighted, gathering slowly,
The star of peace at watch above the crest—
Oh, holy, holy, holy!"

Contemplation of nature gradually leads to the consideration of the mysterious power back of it. In these poems there

is little professed philosophy, though there is thought on the deeper phases of life. He is conscious of mystery, but not disturbed by it. Doubts, which he at times humorously expresses, seem not to have entered his heart life, and in the end he makes us feel that love must triumph.

In his love poems McNeill strikes a clear, pure note. There is in them an intuitive sympathy which enters into the various moods, interpreting and presenting them with a simplicity and sincerity that preclude sentimentality. It has been said that, "At a time when poetry has lost the appeal of passion it is peculiarly grateful to come into the warm confidence of emotion always gentle, intimate, and manly, and in its best moments infinitely tender." To McNeill love is the one thing worth while. Perhaps his best known poem is one that was a favorite with the poet himself, the simple but genuine lyric, "Oh, Ask Me Not". We feel the abandon of youth and the strength of the heart's cry of "The world well lost for love". In "The Little White Bride" the poet shows a high seriousness, a sweetness and tenderness, as well as a happy selection of a moment full of meaning in life. We cannot fail to notice the eloquence of the stanza:

"For days that laugh or nights that weep
You two strike oars across the deep
With life's tide at the brim;
And all time's beauty, all love's grace,
Beams, little bride, upon your face
Here, looking up at him."

But it is in his dialect poems that McNeill is at his best. He knew the negro, and knew how to picture him in his varying and characteristic moods. The 'possum hunts, the trials with the crabgrass, hawks, and crows are to McNeill living realities. The negro's laziness, his tendency to boast, his power of imitation, and his religion, that allows one to be baptized at one "Augus meetin" and forget all about it till the next, a religion that fails the preacher in plowing new grounds,—are all shown in his varied collection of lyrics. Especially does he show the superstition of the negro. Who has not heard of the negro who carries different articles as charms against

diseases, who plants things on a certain "time of the moon", or goes 'possum hunting when the "signs are right"? "Weather Signals" are numerous and varied.

"When I want to know if it's gwine a snow
I call my Sambo in.
If he is kinder scaly 'bout the legs
En ashy on his chin,
If his hide bees rough lak redoak bark,
Checked off in a reg'lar row,
Sometime 'twix dat en de fall er dark
Dar's gwine a spit some snow."

In these dialect poems the swing of the plantation melody is apparent, the full, rich chorus of the cotton pickers, and the spontaneous outburst of the single laborer, are so close to his songs that the musical quality of the coon song is felt in the swing of the lines. Read the little poem "Hardihood", which closes:

"De cawn just want some scuse to quit,
En cotton's a reg'lar chile,
De sun kin scawch and de rain kin spit,
But de crabgrass wear a smile,
Smile,
De crabgrass wear a smile."

And listen to the negro dance music in—

"When de gals' heels gits to tappin'
En de coons gits down to clappin',
Den's when I clogs beca'se—oh, ca'se I must!
Till de tin pans gits to shakin',
En de flo' boa'ds gits to quakin',
En de far looks dim to see it throo de dust."

The folk song of America has received at his hands a sympathetic treatment, but just what place it will hold in literature, time must decide. While it may be true that he does not rise above the rank of minor poets, we must remember that he died in early manhood, and we cannot think that this "poet of the little loves and sorrows" will be forgotten.

His own words written of another are applicable to himself:

"Touched by his hand, the wayside weed
Becomes a flower; the lowliest reed
Beside the stream
Is clothed with beauty; gorse and grass
And heather, where his footsteps pass,
The brighter seem.
And then to die so young and leave
Unfinished what he might achieve!"

Tuesday morning found an immense crowd to witness the graduating exercises, and to listen to the speech of Hon. O. B. Martin, Superintendent of Public Instruction of South Carolina. Before beginning the regular program President Foust read the following summary of the work of the year:

Summary of Work for Year 1907-1908

It is very difficult to give any satisfactory summary of the work accomplished by an educational institution, for the most potent factors in college life do not appear upon the surface. The faithful services of an earnest, devoted faculty cannot be measured by figures nor expressed in words. Their wholesome, beneficent results are wrought without show or parade.

It is equally impossible to form any true estimate of an eager and industrious student body. All of the processes which contribute to mental growth and development are slow and noiseless. Hence, while there has not been anything unusual in the life of the College during the past year, it is no exaggeration to say that high ideals and lofty purposes have predominated in the work both of the faculty and of the students. The past year, therefore, has been one of continued progress along the best lines so far as the internal development of the College is concerned.

There have been enrolled in the several classes of the college during the past year 545 students, and 385 pupils have received instruction in the Training School for Teachers. The total number of people, therefore, taught during the session just closing amounts to 930. These 545 students have come from almost every corner of North Carolina. Ninety-two of the ninety-eight counties have one or more representatives.

It may be of interest to give the names of those counties which have had the largest enrollment. Omitting Guilford, Wayne County with twenty students has had the largest representation of any county in the State. The following counties have had more than ten students in the College during the past year:

Cumberland, 16; Rowan, 16; Iredell, 15; Wake, 15; Rockingham, 13; Granville, 13; Lenoir, 12; Edgecombe, 12; Forsyth, 12; Cleveland, 11; Durham, 11; Vance, 11; and Davie, 10.

It is rather striking in this connection to notice that the five counties having the largest number of students in the College do not touch Guilford. I simply refer to this fact to show how thoroughly the advantages offered by the College are reaching every section of North Carolina.

From the standpoint of material development the following facts seem to me worthy of notice:

1. The completion of the Students' Building. The last legislature increased the revenues of the College so that it was possible to complete this building in which we are now assembled. It is known as the Students' Building. About 1900 the students of the College commenced raising money for the purpose of erecting halls for the meetings of their two literary societies. When they, by contributions and otherwise, had collected about \$13,000 the foundation was laid. From various sources other amounts have been added, and finally the State gave what was needed to complete the work. We now have this structure—one of the most imposing on the campus, costing with the furnishings more than \$60,000, added to the equipment of the College by the perseverance and determined effort of the students.

In this building is also located the Bailey Memorial Room. This room with its handsome furniture was made possible by gifts from Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bailey, of Mocksville.

2. Addition to the Spencer Building. During the vacation last summer the south wing of the Spencer Building was extended along Walker Avenue at a cost of about \$30,000. This enabled us the past year to accommodate in our dormitories seventy-five or eighty more students than we were able to accommodate the preceding year. In the basement of this addition an adequate exercise room was provided which will, to a certain extent, supply the demand for a gymnasium until we are able to erect one.

3. The McIver Memorial Building. From the standpoint of material development, this year will possibly be notable

in the history of the institution on account of the erection of the McIver Memorial Building. The corner stone of this building was laid with Masonic honors yesterday. Money is available at this time for the completion of the central section only. In the part now under construction there will be large laboratories for the departments of Physics, Chemistry, and Biology. Provision is also being made for the departments of cooking and sewing. For some time we have felt the need of large well-equipped laboratories and thus an imperative need of the College will be supplied. There will also be in it eight class and lecture rooms, which are very essential for the best work of the several departments of the College.

Adding to the \$35,000, which we spent last summer, the cost of the work now under construction, the material equipment of the College will be increased between \$95,000 and \$100,000.

4. The McIver Loan Fund. The Alumnae Association at its meeting one year ago decided to commence raising money for the establishment of a "McIver Loan Fund". Two field secretaries were appointed and were prosecuting the work vigorously and successfully until the financial stringency seemed to render it unwise to continue. Between \$6,000 and \$7,000, however, have been pledged to this fund. I think it is the intention of the Association to prosecute this work and we hope within the next ten years to increase our loan funds not less than \$50,000. This will make it possible for many deserving, ambitious young women of the State to receive the advantages offered at this College, who otherwise would not be able to do so.

With the graduation of the present class what is known as "the old course of study" will pass out of existence and be replaced by our new "degree courses". Beginning with next commencement every student who completes the full course of study offered will be granted a degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy, Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Science, or Bachelor of Music.

President Foust then introduced Superintendent J. Y. Joyner, who presented Mr. Martin to the audience. The subject of the annual address was the Importance of a Purpose in Life. At its conclusion the constitutions of the State and the United States were presented to the members of the graduating class by Governor R. B. Glenn. The Bibles were presented by Rev. Mr. McGeachey, of the Presbyterian General Assembly.

Then followed the awarding of diplomas to the largest graduating class in the history of the college. There are forty-seven members, five of whom, besides completing the course entitling them to a diploma, did sufficient work to give them the Degree of Bachelor of Pedagogy. Two received the degree of Bachelor of Science. Certificates of proficiency were awarded to members of the commercial and music courses, and the exercises were closed by the singing of America and the benediction by Rev. Mr. McGeachey.

Message of President Foust to Graduating Class

Young Ladies:—Representing the Board of Directors and the Faculty, it becomes my duty and very great pleasure to present to you your diplomas, which bear testimony that you have completed in a creditable manner the course of study offered at this College for graduation. I shall not on this occasion turn myself into a bureau for the distribution of advice—if our efforts along that line have not already been successful, I could hardly hope to redeem the situation within four or five minutes.

I rather wish to extend to you my hearty congratulations on the completion of the task you assigned yourselves four years ago when you entered this institution. Students who have performed faithfully and acceptably the work required for the completion of a college course of study really deserve the sincere good wishes of us all. While many who started in this race with you have for one reason or another dropped out, you have been true to the end and should at this time be crowned with the reward.



MARSHALS FROM THE CLASS OF 1908

Let others view the matter as they may; you know and I know that it requires a reasonable amount of determination and large fidelity to complete the work assigned for graduation by this or any other serious-minded Faculty.

In addition to expressing to you the congratulations not only of myself but also of the other members of your Faculty, I wish to say that your Alma Mater sends you forth with every confidence that you will meet your responsibilities in life bravely and successfully.

North Carolina has been kind to you in providing this institution and thus giving you the training and equipment you have received here. *Service to others* should, therefore, be a large consideration in your future lives. Your State has not made you strong that you might glory in your strength, but that you may make the lives of others, less fortunate than you, brighter and happier. You have chosen as your field of service teaching the children of North Carolina. You could not select a nobler work and my hope is that many lives in our State will be made larger and better because they were touched in their youthful days by your influence.

You should enter upon the performance of your duties with a large measure of faith and love, because these qualities alone will be able to carry you successfully over your disappointments and discouragements.

But whether your success is large or small, whether you attain distinction or labor in some lowly station, your Alma Mater will at all times watch you with interest and her blessing will forever abide with you.

The last event of commencement was the reunion of the alumnae and former students in the dining hall of the Spencer Building at 8:30 Tuesday evening. There were many representatives of former classes present, and one of the most enjoyable features of the evening was the singing of class songs by the "old girls".

Class Roll

<i>Title of Graduating Essay</i>	<i>Name and County</i>
Immigration in the South.....	Sarah Catherine Arnold, Moore
Citizen Responsibilities of Woman.....	Delha Dancy Austin, Edgecombe
Operative Conditions in the Cotton Mills.....	Maggie W. Barwick, Edgecombe
The Mission of the Magazine.....	Nettie Lou Brogden, Wayne
School Life in Dickens	Ella Battle, Edgecombe
The Immigrant Woman	Ethel Lee Brown, Edgecombe
Advantages of Country Life to the Girl.....	Ida Lea Byerly, Davidson
Educational Value of Travel.....	Hattie Clement, Granville
Stories of Famous Songs.....	Loula Ellis Craven, Cabarrus
American Humor	Mary Fitzgerald, Davie
Woman in Music	Alice Flintoff, Caswell
Science in the Home	Edna Annette Forney, Guilford
The Value of a College Education to Woman.....	Elvira Worth Foust, Chatham
Domestic Science and the Higher Education of Women,	Bertie C. Freeman, Guilford
The Work of the United Daughters of the Confederacy in North Carolina,	Lemma Beulah Gibbs, Rockingham
The Evolution of the Schoolmaster.....	Emma Washington Gill, Scotland
The Economic Value of Science.....	Lena Glenn, Gaston
Reform Schools: Their Value and Necessity.....	Hattie Hill Griffin, Wayne
The Divinity of Business.....	Blanche March Hanes, Davie
The Influence of the Imaginative Story upon Childhood....	Ethel Hodges, Lenoir
Home Influences of the Cotton Mill Operative.....	Annie May Hunter, Vance
Educational Value of the Historical Novel.....	Elizabeth Hyman, Martin
The Modern Physicist: His Contribution to Scientific Progress,	Bessie Bryan Ives, Pamlico
Southern Literature	Lucy Imogene Jones, Guilford
Art in the Public Schools.....	Nellie M. Joyce, Stokes
Women of the Confederacy	Ethel Penelope Kelly, Moore
Modern Money and Its Ancient Substitutes.....	Frances Lacy, Wake
A North Carolina Poet	Rena Gray Lassiter, Wake
The Traveling Library System.....	Bettie Leary, Bertie
Industrial Education in our Public Schools.....	Marianna Mann, Iredell
Social Service in Business.....	Mary Agnes Monroe, Cumberland
The Bible in Public Schools.....	Bright Swindell Ogburn, Union
An Economic View of Prohibition in the South.....	Nemmie Paris, Nash
Importance of Physical Training in our Public School System,	Minnie Lee Peedin, Johnston
The Preservation of Local History.....	Martha T. Petty, Randolph
Historic Places in North Carolina.....	Carrie Harper Powell, Caldwell
Inland Navigation	Etta Edmundson Powell, Nash
Development of North Carolina Railroads.....	Margaret Redmond, Edgecombe
Music in the Home, School and Community.....	Jeanette Rudisill, Cleveland
Photography: Its Service to Mankind.....	Sallie Slocumb Smith, Harnett
The Cherokee Indians of North Carolina.....	Dora May Snipes, Wayne
A Wonder Worker in Science.....	Eliza Stevens, Wayne
The Speaking Voice of the American Woman....	Annie Belle Strickland, Franklin
The Scotch-Irish in North Carolina.....	Willie Len White, Cabarrus
Children of the Sunrise Kingdom.....	Mary Etta Williams, Iredell
Cartoons: Their Meaning and Influence.....	Mattie E. Williams, Guilford
Education of Woman in the New Japan.....	Frances P. Wright, Macon

Snapshots

The thinnest—Ella Battle.
 The most artistic—Martha Petty.
 The most popular—Bright Ogburn.
 The funniest—Mary Agnes Monroe.
 The tallest—Blanche Hanes.
 The smallest—Carrie Powell.
 The most studious—Frances Wright.
 The best dressed—Martha Petty.
 The most inquisitive—Mattie Williams.
 The sweetest—Nell Joyce.
 The most attractive—Nem Paris.
 The most mischievous—Willie White.
 The most polite—Katharine Arnold.
 The frankest—Maggie Barwick.
 The quaintest—Mary Fitzgerald.
 The jolliest—Eliza Stevens.
 The quietest—Lena Glenn.
 The best athlete—Nettie Rudisill.
 The most businesslike—Nettie Brogden.
 The most sentimental—Delha Austin.
 The most critical—Rena Lassiter.
 The most previous—May Hunter.
 The darkest—Ethel Kelly.
 The greatest talker—Margaret Redmond.
 The most devilish—Frances Lacy.
 The greatest heart-breaker—Frances Lacy.
 The most congenial—Elizabeth Hyman.
 The most affectionate—Emma Gill.
 The most tactful—Alice Flintoff.
 The biggest flirt—Marianna Mann.
 The gentlest—Hattie Griffin.
 The most democratic—Hattie Clement.
 The most conscientious—Ethel Brown.
 The most domestic—Bertie Freeman.
 The most retiring—Lemma Gibbs.
 The most absentminded—Dora Snipes.

The most optimistic—Lula Craven.
 The biggest caser—Mary Williams.
 The brownest eyes—Ethel Hodges.
 The most thoughtful—Bessie Ives.
 The most indifferent—Bettie Leary.
 The coldest—Belle Strickland.
 The most timid—Minnie Peedin.
 The most dignified—Ida Byerly.
 The most sincere—Slocumb Smith.
 The best humored—Edna Forney.
 The most distant—Lucy Jones.
 The most fascinating—Blanche Hanes.
 The prettiest—Nettie Rudisill.



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No. 4

The Class of 1908

During the four years of its stay at the college the Class of 1908 has entered heartily into all phases of college life, has done the duties assigned, if not in the best way, with a desire for the best in their hearts. While it differs from other classes in regard to personality, it must be like all others in loyalty to its Alma Mater, love for each other, devotion to a high ideal, and a determination to labor for the upbuilding of the Old North State.

Senior Entertainments

ELLA BATTLE

On the evening of February 14th, the Training School Faculty entertained the Seniors in the Curry Building. At

the head of the stairs the guests were greeted by a ghostly figure with chilly fingers. They were then ushered into a dimly lighted room where were more white-robed figures, who had a way of coming very close to unoffending Seniors and moaning gruesomely.

As soon as the brave Seniors regained their composure, they sat around a dimly burning fire and listened to the terrible history of the "Golden Arm". The ghosts moaned and the guests shivered. There seemed to be absolutely no light in the universe except the uncertain flicker of that lone little fire. And it was only a question of minutes as to how long that would last. Just at the most dreadful point in the narrative there came a flood of light that dazzled all eyes. When clear vision was restored the ghosts had disappeared, and in some way the Training School teachers had taken their places. Objects, which, in the dark, had seemed rather odd and suspicious looking, turned out to be tables, loaded with peanuts and candy, or buckets of apples. And the cold things which had brushed against one's face when one wandered around in the dark were apples, hanging up by strings. Then followed a genuine good time. Each one bobbed for apples, tried fortunes, or nibbled peanuts and candy at her "own sweet will".

After a while songs of such an irresistible nature were begun that every one joined in, whether they could carry a tune or not. After singing the familiar classic, "Merrily We Roll Along", the Seniors were told that if they expected to do it merrily, it would be best for them to begin before time for the "light bell".

Mr. Matheson took the Training School teachers and Seniors to the ball game between Carolina and Virginia. All "got into the spirit" of the thing as they rode out to the ball ground in a car decorated with Carolina colors, and sang "Rah! Rah! Carolina." And the game was very much enjoyed, especially since Carolina won.

The Senior Class was entertained in a delightful way by Mr. Smith. On the night of the Damrosch Concert they rode down to the opera house in a private car and spent about two hours listening to the kind of music that makes one resolve to be better. And each one returned home with the feeling that she had not and could not express all her appreciation to the one who entertained.

On the afternoon of May 8th the Social Committee of the Y. W. C. A. gave a unique entertainment in honor of the Senior Class. Miss Kirkland's sitting-room and hall were furnished with ten tables, on each of which were six little cubes. On each side of a cube was a letter found in the word "hearts"; and a cube contained all the letters in that word. When four girls were seated at each table, with partners opposite, the playing began. They took turns at throwing dice. If one threw so as to make the whole word, she gained twenty-five points for her side. Four letters of the word meant twenty points, etc. At the tap of a bell the game was stopped, and the winning partners progressed. Every one soon became intensely interested, and raced with the bell in true Normal fashion.

At the end of the game it was found that Misses Hyman, Hunter, and.....scored highest. These three then played for the prize. Miss Hyman won, and was awarded a dainty collar. After the game strawberries and cream were served.

The Juniors gave a unique entertainment in honor of the Senior Class on February 1st. The Seniors and members of the faculty had received a command from King Louis XIV. et Le Due de Juniordom "to be present at" in grand régalé which he was to give at his "palace in Versailles". The entertainment was in truly French fashion. The Juniors and the officers of the Freshman and Sophomore Classes who acted as waitresses wore French costumes which showed much originality and thought. The invitations were written in French, sealed with royal purple, and stamped with the fleur-de-lis. Only a few failed to obey the king's behest: so at eight o'clock Saturday evening nearly one hundred guests

were assembled in the sitting-room of the Spencer Building which then served as the king's palace. One by one they were summoned by two Sophomore marshals from there to the dining-room, where the king (Fleida Johnston, president of the class), and other Juniors representing ladies and gentlemen of the court, and court dancers, were waiting. The room presented a beautiful scene. Trellises of roses fifteen feet high formed a background. The roses looked wonderfully natural. Nearly all the guests plucked a pink bouquet before leaving. The tables were arranged in two long rows, forming an angle, at the vertex of which was the king's throne. In front of the throne between the doors stood a stage banked with greenery. A row of periwinkle along one side of the tables and bouquets of carnations at intervals together with the French flags and handsome menu cards at each place made the tables attractive.

At either door of the dining-room the guests were met by other marshals who conducted them down the white carpeted aisles to the front of the stage, where the two aisles converged into one which led on to the throne. Each subject was then escorted by the herald of the king to the throne, introduced to "His Majesty", and shown to her seat. After all were at their places the king announced that they would all dine. A table was placed before him, and the banquet proper began.

Music was furnished by the College Orchestra, and the court jester (Mary Mitchell), in comical costume and continually moving his stool, entertained the audience with numerous jokes on members of the court and others present. He was not succeeding in obtaining any answers to his riddles; so he offered a "handsome prize" to the one who would be the first to solve a riddle correctly. To Miss Boddie, the winner, he handed his doll-baby. After the first course had been served, the ladies and gentlemen of the court danced a minuet, the stately minuet which was such a favorite amusement long ago at the French court! Seats were placed only on the outside of the tables; so all of the company were facing the stage. Between the third and fourth courses the king ordered the fool to stop his jesting and furnish some better amusement. Accordingly, he skipped around to the four dancing

girls, and, presenting each with a tambourine, asked them to dance with him. This performance received such continued applause that the actors danced one of the figures a second time.

After the fourth and last course the king with his herald left the room. The guests then arose to leave, and expressions of the sincerest praise of a delightful evening spent came from them all.

On May 16th the members of the graduating class spent a very enjoyable evening at the home of Miss Bertie Freeman, one of their classmates. There was an abundance of music, fruit, merriment, and love for the "good old class of 1908".

Miss Edna Forney also entertained the class at an informal reception at her home. This was one of the most delightful of all our social evenings.

Mr. Matheson, Mr. Merrit, and the teachers of the Training School gave the Seniors a never-to-be-forgotten entertainment on the evening of May 19th. After a long and pleasant car ride the guests were led to the pavillion in Peabody Park, where they found delightful refreshments awaiting them. Music and gay conversation subsided only when Mr. Matheson gave a toast to the Class of 1908. This expression of the goodwill of the Department of Pedagogy will ever be cherished by the members of the class.

Visitors and Alumnae at the Sixteenth Annual Commencement

LOLA LASLEY, '09

THE ALUMNÆ

Misses Nettie Allen, '04, Henderson; Margaret Pierce, Warsaw; Meta Liles, '06, Tarboro; Emily Austin, Tarboro; Elizabeth Powell, '05, Barium Springs; Claude Poindexter, '05; Swanna Pickett, '04, Liberty; Sallie Hyman, '06, Hobgood; Hester Sthruthers, 1898, Wilmington; Lydia Yates, 1898,

Wilmington; Daphne Carraway, Wilson; and class of 1907: Flora Thornton, Atlanta, Ga.; Daisy Wilson, Danville, Va.; Winnie Harper, Snow Hill; Elizabeth LeGwinn, Wilmington; Ethel Dalton, Winston-Salem; Willie Spainhour, Morganton; Kate Huske, Winston-Salem; Iola White, Mebane; Inez Koonze, Trenton; Mary Exum, Snow Hill; Ethel Lyon, Raleigh; Grace Gill, Laurinburg; Lulie Whitaker, Kinston; Margaret Call, Canton; May Withers, Lillington; Lillian Gray, Kinston; Mary Robinson, Wadesboro; Clare Case, Oak Ridge; Mary Reid, Charlotte; Blanche Austin, Barium Springs; Eleanore Elliott, Greensboro; Belle Hampton, Greensboro; Mary Thorp, Rocky Mount.

FORMER STUDENTS AND VISITORS

Mrs. E. K. Proctor, Lumberton; Mrs. M. C. Bogart, Washington; Mrs. Dr. J. W. Lasley and Mr. John Lasley, Burlington; Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Brogden, Goldsboro; Misses Carrie Moses, Red Springs; Cautie Venable, Chapel Hill; Elizabeth Reiger, Wilmington; Lois Strickland, Louisburg; Lena Leggett, Scotland Neck; Hattie Owen, Fayetteville; Florence Pannille, Greensboro; Margaret McMillan, Fayetteville; Mary McLendon, Charlotte; Addie Paris, Rocky Mount; Kate Shepard, Winston; Kate Redmond, Tarboro; Agnes Lacy, Raleigh; Julia Farmer, Wilson; Amy Stevens, High Point; Minnie Ross, Concord; Louise Reinhardt, Lincolnton; Addie White, Concord; Grace White, Concord; Nell Powell, Barium Springs; Nena Hackett, Wilkesboro; Lillian Williams, Mooresville; Annie J. Clements, Oxford; Emma Jeffreys, Goldsboro; Marion Revelle, Winston; Mrs. M. P. Battle, Miss Mary Battle, Drs. I. P. and John Battle, Rocky Mount; Mr. and Mrs. William Pearson, Baltimore, Md.; Mrs P. A. Cauble, Salisbury; Mrs. Annie G. Randall, Blowing Rock; Mrs. Joseph Brown, Chadbourn; Mrs. R. T. Wilson, Danville, Va.; Miss Bessie S. Newborne, Kinston; Mrs. A. L. Harris and Miss Tempe P. Harris, Reidsville; Mr. C. B. Keech, Tarboro; Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Lassiter, Wake Forest; Mrs. Philip Hanes, Mocksville; Mrs. Rhyne, Mount Holly; Mrs. S. H. Powell, Lenoir; Mrs. T. P. Jenkins, Tarboro; Mrs. Susie Middleton Thorp, Rocky Mount; Mr. and Mrs. K. L. Craven, Concord;

Mrs. J. M. Foust, Mr. E. H. Foust, Mt. Vernon Springs; Mrs. E. N. Clement, Oxford; Mrs. Ella Moseley Hill, Kinston; Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Bonner, Aurora; Mr. Paris, Rocky Mount; Mrs. W. H. Woolard, Bethel; Mr. C. C. Hook, Charlotte; Mr. F. H. Curtiss, Burlington; Miss Bettie V. Ward, Burlington; Mr. A. J. Conner, Rich Square; Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Bailey, Mocksville; C. R. McIver, Spray; J. H. McIver, Wadesboro; Mr. and Mrs. R. D. W. Conner, Raleigh; Mr. Frank Ogburn, Monroe; Mr. Sneed Ogburn, Monroe; Mr. and Mrs. John Yates, Monroe; Mr. Tom Shore, Mr. Oscar Mann, Charlotte; Mr. T. D. Dupuy, Burlington; Mr. Will Fix, Mr. Lunnie Sharpe and Mr. Paul Morrow, Burlington.

Meeting of the Alumnae Association

A very enthusiastic meeting, characterized by earnestness and loyalty, was held by the Alumnae Association of the State Normal and Industrial College on Tuesday afternoon of commencement week. Each of the sixteen classes that have graduated from the College was represented at this meeting, the largest representation being eleven from the Class of 1898, twenty-eight from the Class of 1907, and the entire Class of 1908, numbering forty-seven. The work undertaken by the Alumnae at the meeting last year was that of raising a \$50,000 loan fund as a memorial to Dr. Charles D. McIver, the beloved founder and first President of the College. Two field secretaries, Misses Etta Spier and Lewis Dull, were sent out for about six weeks each during the summer. They organized twenty-five counties, as follows: Buncombe, Burke, Cabarrus, Caldwell, Catawba, Cleveland, Edgecombe, Gaston, Haywood, Henderson, Iredell, Lenoir, Lincoln, Macon, McDowell, Mecklenburg, Pitt, Rockingham, Rowan, Rutherford, Surry, Transylvania, Union, Wilkes and Wilson. They secured \$7,530 in county pledges, Mecklenburg and Cabarrus leading with \$1,000 each. A number of these counties have taken up the work with lively interest and have sent in already a good per cent. of their pledges. The fund raised in each county is available for aiding students from that county as soon as the collections have been made.

The Students' Building, in which the alumnae meeting was held, was erected at a cost of \$60,000. The building was made possible by the determined efforts of the Alumnae. In 1902 the Alumnae undertook to raise a loan and scholarship fund, which within three years amounted to \$15,000. Fifty-one students have been aided by this fund during the past year. By help received from it a large per cent. of the graduating classes for several years have been enabled to complete their course. The funds on hand are not sufficient for aiding all who should be helped.

President Foust, who has encouraged the Alumnae in all their efforts, was present at the meeting and made some valuable suggestions.

The Association decided to employ a field secretary for all her time during the coming year and to prosecute vigorously the work of organizing county associations and securing pledges for the McIver Loan Fund.

The officers of the Association for the coming year are: President, Miss Mary T. Moore, Greensboro; Vice-President, Mrs. A. L. Harris, Reidsville; Secretary, Miss Laura H. Coit, Greensboro; Treasurer, Miss Emily S. Austin, Tarboro; Member of the Executive Committee, Miss Etta R. Spier, Goldsboro.

It was decided to offer a prize for the best college song submitted to a committee appointed for that purpose. Miss Oeland Barnett, of Shelby, was made Chairman of the Committee.

It was a matter of comment among those present that the spirit which animated the meeting was one of service to the College and to the State: to the College by furnishing means to bright and ambitious young women who could not without aid secure an education, and to the State by training more workers for service to the State. This is fitting, since he to whom this memorial is dedicated gave his life in service for others.

If "spirit is a substance wherein thinking, knowing, and the power of moving do subsist", then the work undertaken by the Association must be speedily accomplished.

Chadbourn, N. C.

MRS. J. A. BROWN.